Jimmy Payne to Chauncey Randolph.

me that she wrote you of our meeting at Pau. I reached there a couple of days sooner than she and Miss Kedison did.

In fact, I saw their arrival in the famous automobile of whose adventures you must have heard much. The minute my eyes

lighted upon the chauffeur I felt an in-stinctive distrust of the man, and I have

learned through experience not to disre-gard the warnings of my instinct. It has

fined to externals. A certain detective in-

stinct was born in me. It began to show

of the brain. In several instances I have

est I took in the affairs, might have re-

mained undetected. In these experiments

The interest I fee! in the case I am about

My first distant glimpse of the man

which is a dangerous thing in a person

impression was confirmed by some of the tales which Molly told me of her

automobile experiences, not only quite

unconscious that they militated against

intrusted with the care of ladies.

been able to expose frauds, which,

Dear Mr. Randolph:

GRAND HOTEL, Rome, December 27.

WITH CANOE AND TENT

Many Enjoyable Times on the

Upper Potomac.

RIVER NAVIGABLE FOR 22 MILES ABOVE SENECA.

BEST IN SEPTEMBER

Scenery Good, Air Fine and People Hospitable-Can Follow Canal to Cumberland.

No time of the year is better for canoeing and camping out in this section of the country than the month of September. The canoe craze in Washington is constantly developing more interest in the upper Poas a place for a week or longer of the open, and many eyes are turned that way at this season. The devotees of the paddling sport, at first content to glide about under the Aqueduct bridge at Georgetown or into the swift water below Chain bridge perhaps with a gay-colored parasol an beard-of which let no one speak disparagingly for a moment-soon grow restless and sigh for new worlds to conquer. With the Chesapeake and Ohio canal flowing beside it for over 100 miles, the river offers the best kind of safe sport, despite its rocks, ripples and falls.

the place are the big dam in the river, which feeds the canal here, and the aqueduct on which the canal crosses Seneca creek, a little, tree-lined stream, up which cance can go for nearly a mile.

Camping Sites at Seneca, Md.

About Seneca there are innumerable good camping places. A favorite place is the Virginia shore about a mile above the dam. It is an easy portage from the canal to the river, and when once made renders another unnecessary for the next twenty-two miles. The paddle across the dam in the evening is very attractive, especially if the sky is clear. The sheet of water, nearly sky is clear. The sheet of water, nearly a mile wide, is as beautiful as can be found near Washington; but canoeists are sometimes cautioned about venturing out on it when there is danger of a storm, as he wind has a grand opportunity to play

When in camp here on a fine evening ne often hears the voices of singers across the water. Parties of colored youths and maidens emerge from the creek and spend several hours floating about on the river under the stars, singing old plantation and jubilee songs. It is a good time then to lie back and dream. The sunset and sunrise are equally beautiful across the water. If out on the river with the big orb's first rays streaming over you and a light morning breeze blowing, you feel like shouting

with joy and vigor. No more attractive route can be desired than the river for the next twenty-two miles, for it winds between islands, large and small, fertile hills and cultivated farms, its waters being neither too rough nor too shallow and its banks covered with giant sycamores and elms, which throw their welcome shade far over the boat. On the other hand, one of the least desirable portions of the canal for a eight and nine-mile levels above Seneca.

Among the Islands.

About a mile above Seneca a chain of islands begins in the river. The first three are about a half mile in length, and offer charming little channels, under drooping trees and vines, to be explored. Various
A week is plenty of time to make the kinds of birds flit about in the branches

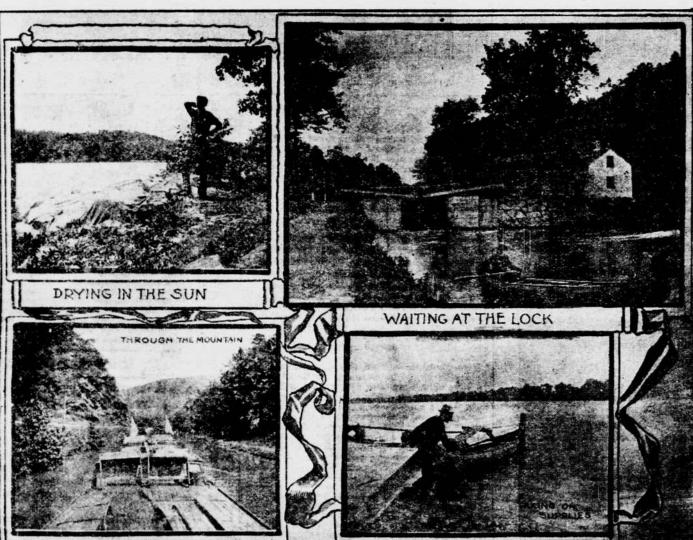
island in this chain and shoots out on the clear stretch above. Here is probably the finest portion of the river met with on the trip. The current is slow and even; the distance from bank to bank about the same as it is just above Georgetown, or possibly greater; the depth not great enough to prevent horses from fording when it is not swollen by rains; and the shores rolling farms, edged with sycamores and elms leaning over the water, their gnarled and knotted roots winding around one another at the river's brink. A sand or gravel bar here and there presents a perfect place from which to take a bath, and good camping sites are on all sides. If the water is reasonably clear, black bass can be seen jumping after insects al over the surface.

In this way another two miles is "knocked off," and then one rounds a wide curve and catches his first glimpse of Sugar Loaf mountain, which apparently rises from the seven-arched aqueduct over the winding Monocacy river the largest branch of the Potomac, until the Shenandoah is reached. The wooded elevation, lifting its head majestically from the low country around, is in reality five miles distant from the canon, while the bridge at the mouth of the tribu-tary is only a mile away; but they are in the same line of vision and the effect produced is very beautiful.

Since leaving Seneca the canoes that have gone as far as the Monocacy have followed the river in a wide curve to the westward, the distance from the mouth of the latter tributary back to the mouth of Seneca creek being much shorter as the crow flies than by the river. The canal is as close in this stretch as it is farther down, and as the voyagers turn the nose of their craft into the Monocacy they pass almost immediately under the old aqueduct, getting the drip of the canal through the stones.

Up the Monocacy.

Two of The Star's representatives explored the Monocacy for a couple of miles this summer and found it a stream worth pddling on, if only for the fun of getting into ripples, which are so swift that it is necessary to jump overboard and push to get through. It winds gracefully through the



isures that had they been over the before, they would know were hand. The experience of others ticular farm house is situated. From a number of "old hands" a representative of and he has even tried it himself and not

Number and Equipment.

Two in a canoe is usually the rule, though three and four are not too many and make rubber and woolen blanket are generally taken along by each camper. A hatchet milk pail and camera make the equipment about complete. The clothing of the canoe-ist usually consists of something heavy enough, on the outside, to partially protect from the rain, and undergarments which can be worn alone, if the day is warm and the course an out-of-the-way one.

Before starting the business man of the

iny in Georgetown and purchases a way-il, which entitles the holder to take his at or boats through the locks. The cost

tween here and Seneca, Md., and, besides, enjoy the pictur-sque scenery of one of the most attractive stretches of the artificial

From Chain Bridge to Great Falls.

The distance from the portage to Great Falls is about fourteen miles. The journey on the way, at each of which a chat ed. This is wider than the last, and is a with the lockman and a rest of a few whole farm in itself, with dwelling house, minutes from paddling refresh the canoe- barn, live stock, corn and wheat fields and ist greatly. Three locks are between Chain bridge and Cabin John bridge; seven are close together just above the latter place, and form a little settlement called Seven Locks; the other six are in the last mile to the latter place. But it is here that a bad place in the latter place. There are Locks; the other six are in the last mile to the falls. Just below the six locks the canal widens into a long lake, dotted with islands and bordered on one side with overhanging cliffs. To this the canal men have given the name "The Log Wall," possibly from the mane "The Log Wall," possibly of the island that causes the canoist to from the manner in which the wall between it and the river, which is on a much lower level, is constructed. This is a favorite places covered with only a few inches of

Persons who want a good bed to sleep in the first night out stop at the Great Falls Hotel. Those who are anxious to make immediate use of their camping outfit, if they do not stop on the Log Wait, paddie across the river above the Great Falls dam and pick out a place on the Virginia bank a mile or so up stream. It is considered best to keep to the canal for the next eight miles. Two locks are encountered on the way to Seneca, and two more at the town itself. This is a quaint little settlement, hardly more than "a The western channel is a little less swift of the next eight miles. Two locks are encountered on the way to Seneca, and little settlement, hardly more than "a wide place in the road," as one of the inhabitants remarked recently. It is just twenty-four miles from Georgetown. There are several dwellings, besides the lock house, and at any of them milk and other country for may be obtained. The typical country store is also in evidence. The features of

overhead, and often the graceful crane is seen standing still on a mud bank, or a bald-headed eagle soaring from a high tree-top. Weasels and musk-rats also apeasure and profit. Not a few parties tree-top. Weasels and musk-rats also appearly have made extended trips in this pear now and then along the banks. A tion in the past few months, and all gun would often come in handy, and as for back with glowing accounts of the a fishing line—unless you want to have a disappointed feeling for the rest of your life, take one along for this part of the voyage. You will not catch much except eels and catfish, however, unless the water

kindly disposed canal boatmen. Very likely many others will follow their example as the summer wanes.

Those who go on their first voyage make it one of discovery, and often go far out one of discovery, and often go far out beyond it is Selden's Island, two miles and a half long. These two are parts of farms on the Virginia side, and their fertile soil always under cultivation in season. All the islands of this chain lie nearer to the Virginia bank than to the Maryland, but either channel is good for paddling, the current not being swift enough to deter the average voyager.

Stop at Edward's Ferry.

Less than two miles from the head of Selden's Island Goose creek flows into the river from Virginia. This is the largest tributary north of Georgetown reached thus far. Here also used to be Edward's Ferry, and although the ferry is no longer three and four are not too many and make the party all the merrier. A fleet of the little craft but increases the fun. A small dog-tent, such as is used in the army, will dog-tent, such as is used in the army, will there is particularly fine bass fishing, and no small number of Washington Isaac Waltons are acquainted with the Jarboe farm, at the Ferry, where excellent board and lodging can be obtained for an indefinite period. The farm house and the lock house on the canal comprise the settlement, which is a pretty, quiet place, about ten miles from the Baltimore and Ohio railroad at Barnesville, Md., and over five miles from the Southern at Leesburg, Va. Still more picturesque and interesting becomes the river as the canoes leave here, though no better stopping places are passed. Alt's Landing, Va., about a mile farther on, is a spot where fishermen sometimes camp out. Two miles above this boat or boats through the locks. The cost from Georgetown to Harper's Ferry and return is \$3.24 for each canoe, there being thirty-three locks, most of which have to be passed through twice.

For the first two miles the river is followed. This enables the party to leave directly from one of the boat houses on the Georgetown river front. At a point about one mile this side of Chain bridge, in a cove in Stony Meadow, on the District shore, there is a portage to the canal. It is but a few hundred feet in length, and the longest that it is necessary to make on the longest that the longest that it is necessary to make on the longest that the longest that it is necessary to make on the longest that it is necessary to make on the longest that the longest that the lon

ercise for the arms. Conrad's, or White's Ferry, still extant and used by the inhabitants of the sur-rounding country, is half a mile above the head of Harrison's Island. Here in midsummer the river is only a few feet deep, and the ferry barge is poled across, hanging downstream from a heavy steel cable overhead so as to get the aid of the current. The river is only about a quarter of

A Farm in the River.

Scarcely two miles above White's Ferry the lower point of Mason's Island is reachof the island that causes the canoist to

tom. There is however, not the slightest danger of a "spill." The worst that can happen with ordinary care is the sticking of the canoe on a ledge or rock, from which it will have to be pushed; it might even be necessary to get overboard in water up to one's knees, but that is nothing. The western channel is a little less swift

it was necessary to look sharp and wield the paddles strongly and quickly in order to avoid a collision with the high bank on the outside of a sharp curve. This may be made one of the most interesting and ex-

gets here. There are rocks and swift curgets here. There are rocks and swift cur-rents in abundance for the remainder of the distance to the source, although, of course there are pleasant stretches to be met with here and there. It is, how-ever, regarded as extremely impracticable to continue farther up the river, and the party at this point generally corries to at this point generally carries its craft or crafts from the mouth of the Monocacy up the little hill to the canal—the best portage is on the right bank as you go up stream. This is a good place to camp for a day or so and then turn around for home. There are no settlements within several

Point of Rocks and Harper's Ferry.

It is six miles up the canal to Point or Rocks, Md., and eleven miles from there to Harper's Ferry, which is often the traveier's goal on these occasions. At the firstmentioned town a ridge of the Appalachian mountain system is seen for the first time, and from here on mountains are passed every few miles. At Point of Rocks there are hotels, where the weary traveler may get a bed and a good meal. There are a number of towns between here and Har-per's Ferry, among them being Brunswick Knoxville and Weverton; the first is of considerable size. The scenery along this eleven-mile stretch is spoiled by the yards and dirt of the railroad and by the business aspect of the towns. The Baltimore and Ohio road crosses the Monocacy but a short distance from its mouth, and two miles above takes up a course on the bank of the canal, which it does not leave until it crosses the river at Harper's Ferry.

On account of the roughness of the river and the unattractiveness of the canal along these last seventeen miles, and especially the last eleven, many canolsts lift their crafts on canal boats and loaf comfortably for as long a time as they please, returning the same way. No charge is made by the captain of the canal boat, though he be surprised if some day before long Molly should have a startling awakening.

I questioned her carefully as to what boy. He is always overjoyed to have your company and will entertain you by the hour with stories of the old waterway. The newspaper men, before referred to, spent a delightful six or seven hours each way in this manner, arriving at Harper's Ferry on the upward trip about 1:30 o'clock on a moonlight night.

The Journey Home.

The whole journey home, no matter how

The whole journey home, no matter how help of some kind of a current, which, indeed, it is often so fast as to make the banks pass by with great rapidity.

A strong and healthy feeling, sun-browned face and arms and a greater capacity for work in the city are always the results of a trip like this. The desire to go again is also high in the returned traveler's mind,

Thorn Trees as Lawn Ornaments.

From Country Life in America. More than thirty years ago an eminent botanist called attention to the beauty of our native thorn trees and their suitability the river, which is on a much lower l. is constructed. This is a favorite for campers, and it is said many fish be caught there.

The formula of the journey upstream. Ledges the foliage and for lawn ornaments. Their hardiness, graceful shapes, thick foliage and brilliant fruit clusters all recommend them, while their ability to flourish under a severe pruning is an added virtue. in the eyes of those who desire formal shapes. Yet up to the present time our thorn trees remain the ornaments, not of private grounds, but of waysides and pastures: while the only pruners to exercise eagerly browse upon the young shoots. Many a pasture contains shrubs fitted to grace a public park and worthy of considerable pilgrimage on the part of lovers of

her chauffeur, but apparently be-lieving them to his credit. I be-gan to fear that the fellow was one to take advantage of the trust placed in him by two unprotected women, who he doubtless has guessed to be well provided

with money. My definite suspicions went at first no further than this, though there was a kind of detective premonition in my mind that more might remain to be found attempting to get members to play with him by passing himself off as a gentleman. He wore good clothes, and acted his part fairly well-well enough, perhaps, to deceive unobservant. But he is not the sort of person I should ever mistake for a gentleman. I went up to him, and very quietly ordered him off the links, threatening to expose him publicly. But he whined for mercy, and I, in a moment of weak good nature-let him off, on his promise to go at once. inquired, however, of the steward what name he had given on seeking admittance, and was startled to find that he had passed nimself off as the Honorable John Winston, his late master and the owner of the car which Molly is now using. As I had bound myself to keep silence, I did not betray him, but the fact just discovered confirmed my distrust of the man as a dangerous and unscrupulous person.

For Molly's sake I felt that I must begin

investigation, so as to be able in the end to expose Brown and let her see him in his real character; but for several reasons not necessary to trouble you with it was essential to proceed with extreme caution.

It was unbearable to me, knowing even the little I did know at that time of the man's character to allow Molly and Miss Kodison to me wandering over the country. Kedison to go wandering over the country alone with him. I feared that he might compromise them in some way, or even re-sort to blackmail, and with this danger before my mind I offered to accompany the ladies on their car to the Riviera. I made the suggestion to Miss Kedison, not to Molly, and hinted to her something concerning my motives, cautioning her at the same time that silence was vitally important until I could give her leave to speak. You may think that I was taking a good deal on myself; but I have a great regard for you, as well as an unfortunately deep affection for Molly, and as I have made many intimate friends among the highest in the land, all over the continent, as in England, I felt that my presence in the car might be especially helpful.

During the first day or two of our jour-ney I caught Brown in several audacious lies. He was insolent to me, evidently afraid that I meant to lose him his berth, and inclined to be so familiar with the la-dies. Molly particularly, that my suspicions of him were roused to fever heat. I began to see that his ambitions tended higher than I had at first supposed—and—I hope you will forgive my frankness—I should not be surprised if some day before long Molly

which encouraged this deduction was the far one goes, is much easier and made in shorter time than the upward trip; for always, in both canal and river, there is the large for the ways at Toulon that a still more single for the ways forced into my mind by a large force was forced into my mind by a startling incident to which I will draw your attention.
You will very likely have heard from

You will very likely have heard from Molly that owing, to a side-slip which might have happened to any one in driving an automobile, we had an upset by the road-side, and in common politeness I was compelled to obey Miss Kedison's request to remain with her at a small village, some miles from Toulon, while Molly went on to see a doctor about an injury to her wrist, Brown being her attendant. When Miss Kedison and I arrived at Toulon on the car next day, it was decided to stay the night next day, it was decided to stay the night there rather than go on so late. I saw Brown, who was working outside the hotel at the automobile, take money out of his pocket to pay a man who had been helping him with the repairs. Something small dropped on the ground as he did so, unknown to Brown. When he had moved away. I stooped and picked it up. It was away, I stooped and picked it up. It was a French pawn ticket for a pledged watch, dated the previous night. I determined, dated the previous night. I determined, in the interest of my investigations, to visit the pawnbroker's, which I did; and giving up the ticket, said I had called to redeem the pledge. Imagine my sensations when I saw a magnificent gold repeater, with the monogram "J. W." upon it in small diamonds. The conclusion was obvious, for the watch was not one which would be given by a master even to the most valued.

Conductor Conductor

C·N·& A·M·WILLIAMSON On returning to the hotel, with the Hon. Mr. Winston's watch in my pocket, I made

Mr. Winston's watch in my pocket, I made a few inquiries as to Brown's behavior the night before; I learned that he had appeared in the salle a manger for dinner, in an irreproachable evening suit which in some way he must have obtained from his master. Perhaps I ought not to repeat what else I learned, as I do not like to tell tales out of school, but I think it is only right you should know that Molly allowed this impostor to sit at the table with her, as if he had been an equal instead of a servant. servant.

I positively dared not let Miss Kedison into the secret of what had happened, but I hinted to her that I had had good -reason to think less well of Brown even than before. It was arranged I find myself in a difficult position, but am going to take the bull by the horns and write to you of certain things which seem to me of importance. I trust to that we should induce Molly to hurry on to Cannes, where Lady Brighthelmston (proyour friendship and your knowledge of my your friendship and your knowledge of my feelings and desires toward Molly to excuse me if you consider that I am being supposed to be staying. I wished to find out from her when she had last heard from officious. You will understand when I have explained that I cannot hope to make her her son, and if she were absolutely assured of his present safety. I also intended to show her the watch and put her in possession of all the deductions and details I had been able to pick up. This once done, Brown's exposure by Lady Brighthelmston see the matter in its true light; but you, as a man and her father, will do so, and will comprehend that my motive is for her I have thanked you already for answering my letter, in which I begged that you would let me know in which part of Europe Molly was traveling, and she has told me that she wrote you of our meeting.

and subsequent dismissal by Molly would be only a question of hours. Unfortunately, however, Lady Bright-helmston had left Cannes for Rome when we arrived; nevertheless, one more proof of the chauffeur's duplicity came into my hands there. A letter which had been left in the rack for the Honorable John Winston, by his mother, was secretly taken out by Brown. And the fact that Lady Brighthelmston was expecting her son to join her on his automobile does not look as if poor Jack were in England and had voluntarily left his car with the chauffeur.

served me more than one good turn in the served me more than one good that it the street when the markets were wobbling, Now I have been a good deal chaffed about a resemblance to Sherlock Holmes, the Altogether the affair appears ominous for my friend, and the thought that Molly and Miss Kedison are perpetually at the mercy of this unscrupulous wretch, in a strange rreat detective of fiction, but I acknowledge and am proud of that resemblance. I country, is maddening to me as it will be to you when you receive this letter. When they left the Riviera for Italy I was obliged venture to think that it is not wholly conto remain behind for a day with a sick friend, but followed as soon as possible on my Panhard. Owing, however, to unfore-seen events and one or two small accidents itself when I was a little boy at school, and since then I have trained and cultivated it, as a kind of higher education I was delayed, and unable to catch them up as I had intended. Finally, as Brown was probably hurrying on with the express for the purely impersonal, scientific interintention of making it impossible for me to overtake the party I determined to abandon my car and proceed by rail to Rome, their destination. My idea was to reach that city before they could do so, and see I have made enemies of course; but what Lady Brighthelmston as I had planned to do at Cannes, so that the police could be to lay bare to you is not, I confess, purely impersonal. But I hope under the circumstances you will think none the less ready if necessary to arrest Brown immediately on his arrival. I arrived on the day expected and called at the hotel to which Lady Brighthelmston's letters were to be Brown created, as I have said, an unfavorable impression upon my mind. I thought forwarded from Cannes. But on account of the unusual cold and bad weather she had that he had a swaggering air of conceit and self-importance extremely unbecoming suffered from neuralgia and had gone on with her friends, after less than a week's in a man of his class. He had the air of thinking himself equal to his betters,

stay, to Naples, with the idea that she might visit Sicily later. Having gone so far, I am not to be turned back. I love Molly far too well to desert her, and some day, when she finds out all I have done for her sake, perhaps she will appreciate me better than she has up to the appreciate me better than she has up to the present. I cannot tell her myself, but it may be that you will think fit to let her know. I mean to follow Lady Brighthelmston to Naples, or even farther if it be necessary, for writing the information I have to give might do more harm found. have to give might do more harm than good to everyone concerned. I must be on the spot; but very unluckly I cannot be there for some days to come. The weather in Rome is really awful, and I have contractout. I might have confined myself to tacit disapproval, however, or a word of advice to Molly, and perhaps one stern warning to the man, had I not gone into the golf club at Pau on our last day there. To my intense astonishment I saw Brown on the links attempting to get members to play with him by passing himself.

Yours faithfully and sincerely

J. F. PAYNE. Molly Randolph to Her Father. HOTEL DE RUSSIE, ROME,

January 2. Darling Dad: Forgive me for that inadequate little note

written yesterday to wish you a happy New Year; but short as it was, there was enough love in it to make the letter double postage. We have been working so hard at pleasure since that I haven't had time for anything except the various cables which from day to day I have flung to you from our chariot of fire as we sped half way down the long leg of Italy-that's pink on my school room map at home. Somehow, I've always thought of Italy as being pink, ever since I first nunted it out on the map; and it is still gloriously couleur de rose to the eyes of my body and mind.

the eyes of my body and mind.

How splendid it is not to be disappointed in something that you've looked forward to all your life, isn't it? But I don't think I am the kind of girl who is disappointed in real things—nature's real things, I mean. People have often said to me, 'Oh, you will be disappointed in Durone, if you look forbe disappointed in Durope, if you look for-ward to it so much. But I believe creatures have no imagination. With imagination you have the glamour of the past and all the wonderful things that have happened in a place, as well as the mere beauty of the present. But then, without imagination one must just expect to have one's poor little soul go bare, and to live on all the "cold pieces" of life, never to taste the nectar and ambrosia of the gods; never to know the thrill of sympathy, or any other thrill that isn't purely phys-

I'm intoxicated with all I have seen and am seeing-which must excuse the harrangue. And I'm intoxicated with the joy rangue. And I'm intoxicated with the joy of driving the car. Lately I have been rivaling the Lightning Conductor, for my wrist is quite well again. The microbe of automobilism has entered into my blood. Yes, I'm speaking literally; I'm sure there's guely a microbe, and that he's a brave beast such a microbe, and that he's a brave beast. I should like to see him in your big micro-scope. Perhaps I'll bring him home for

the purpose.

It has become the greatest joy I have ever known to get all I possibly can out ot noble Balzac; to urge Balzac uphill as fast as I can; to drive Balzac down hill as fast as I dare; to maneuver Balzac in and out of traffic with all my skill and nerve. But you mustn't be a bit uneasy about me. Brown is always at my elbow to "warn, to comfort, to command," and I know that he won't let me do anything I oughtn't or let any harm come of it if I did.

The worst of driving an automobile your-

self, when you've really got that microbe in your blood, is that you don't see quite as much of the country as you would otherwise, and that you hate to stop, even when there are wonderful things to see. But then it used to be almost the same in both ways when one lived, breathed and moved for bicycles. Do you remember how I would talk of nothing else, and make "bike slang" answer for all human nature's daily needs You were annoyed one night when I took your arm as we were walking together, and told you you were "geared too high for

me."

If my life depended now on giving accurate details of the country through which we've been driving, I should have to resign myself to die. I only know that I've never been so happy, or seen half so much that was beautiful and (as that Mrs. Bennett, who wanted to marry you so badly, was al-ways saying) "soul-satisfying."

Well, we left Bordighera the day after Christmas. Brown called it "Boxing day," Christmas. Brown called it "Boxing day," but I didn't understand what he meant till he explained. We went spinning along the Riviera di Ponente, towards Genoa la Superba, where we were to halt for the night. Perhaps—just perhaps—a: true critic of beauty, whose blood had cooled with much experience, would say that the Italian Riviera road wasn't quite equal to the French between Cannes and Mentone. But it's Italy Italy! And there's the difference of charm between the two (as I said to Brown) that there is between a magnificent young French duchesse, confident of her own charms, with generations of breeding and wealth behind her, and a lovely, peach-

you've been here, and we generally feel things alike, you and I; so you'll know what I mean. Poor little pathetic houses, painted sed, blue or yellow! You laugh at them, and want to cry over them, and love them, too. And the reds, yellows and blues are like no other reds, yellows and blues in the world. Fancy, if we had houses like that in our new land! How frightful they

would be! We would want the painters to be put in prison for their crime. I can tell you this: That first day of ours was like hurrying through a whole gallery of Turner's paintings. I love Turner, and I often wonder if my world isn't as different from many people's old gray worlds as his was! Another thing, we had become phenomenal. That is, we were in a motor-car-less region. Ours was the only car, whereas on the other side of Mentone we met a rival every ten minutes. I do get cause and effect so mixed up. Aren't there many automobiles in Italy because there are such lots of places where you can't buy petrol; or can't you buy petrol hecause people

or can't you buy petrol because people won't go in automobiles? We went flashing along past pretty little Ospedaletti, with its big white casino, and into gay and colorful San Remo, where we bought inferior petrol and paid twice as much for it as in France. I wonder if any small watering-place ever had as many attractive-looking hotels in it as San Remo? If I were staying there, I should weep because I couldn't live in them all at once. But one would be obliged to have about thirty astral bodies to go round, and once. But one would be obliged to have about thirty astral bodies to go round, and each one would have to be a well-dressed astral body. That would come expensive; or do astral bodies exude frocks, so to speak?

I insisted on stopping for a few moments within sight of Taggia, because a great friend of mine lived there, or rather, the author of his being. His name was "Dr.

Brown, J W Brown, Oden W Brown, Wm E Braxton, Stephen Bryn, John Buckhern, John Buckhern, John Burkhern, John Burkman, Patrick Burnell, F C Butler, Chas Butler, Chas Butler, John

I insisted on stopping for a few moments within sight of Taggia, because a great friend of mine lived there, or rather, the author of his being. His name was "Dr. Antonio," and he existed in the pages of a book written by a famous Italian, John Ruffini. Brown gave me the book for a Christmas present, apologizing for the liberty; but, you see, it was all about Bordighera, and he thought I would like to have it. So I did, for it is one of the most enchanting stories I have ever read, though written in an old-fashioned style, and also with a pretty little heroine who was so old-fashionedly meek I could have shaken her. I sat up nearly all night reading the book, and oh, how I cried! There never was such a splendid fellow in real life as Dr. Antonio, except, of course, you. And, do you know, if Brown had been born a contleman I think he might have turned clark, HA clark, John M. gentleman I think he might have turned out something like that. I liked Taggia for Dr. Antonio's sake; and I admired Porto Maurizio on its haughty promontory. It towers in my recollection just as the real Porto Maurizio towers above the indigo- Collins J B blue sea, out of which it seems to grow.

If it hadn't been for Brown, I'm ashamed to say I shouldn't have known much about the Ligurian Alps. Do you, dad? They're frightfully interesting, a sort of "bed-rock" of Italian history. Dear me, how ignorant one can be when all the while one is quite pleased with one-self as an Educated Person, with a capital (To be continued Monday.)

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

The following is a list of advertised letters remaining in the Washington (D. C.) Post Office Saturday, August 27, 1904.

To obtain any of these letters the applicant should call for "Advertised Letters." If not called for within two (2) weeks they will

If not called for within two (2) weeks they will be sent to the Dead Letter Office.

LADIES' LIST.

Abbott, Mrs Ethel Kraft, Mrs L M
Allen, Miss Edna Alsop, Mrs Lottle Lacey, Miss Emma Lee, Miss Jessie Lee, Mrs Mamle Anderson, Mrs Mira (2) Leege, Mrs Sarah F
Ashford, Miss Edesand M Lappincott, Mrs Rebecca Baca, Mrs R L
Baker, Mrs Alice
Barclay, Miss Annie Barrlie, Mrs L
Battele, Mrs L
Battele, Mrs Ernest
Baylar, Mrs Sarah

Mctleary, Miss Harriet Ashford, Miss Edesand ?
Baca, Mrs R L
Baker, Mrs Alice
Barclay, Miss Annie
Barrlie, Mrs L
Battele, Mrs Ernest
Baylar, Mrs Sarah
Beall, Miss C A
Beahman, Miss Lottie
Bell, Miss Emma
Benner Miss Sarah V McCleary, Miss Harriet McConnell, Mrs Matilda McCormick, Mrs R J Miss Sarah V Berry, Miss Bessie Blackburn, Miss Lulu Blanchard, Miss Berthr Bolden, Miss Elizabeth Boulen, Miss Elizabe Bonds, Miss Susie Bonnepart, Miss Lucy Booth, Miss Susie E Bowie, Mrs R C Bowie, Miss Sarah Boyce, Miss Emma Boyland, Mrs M P Bradford, Miss Vannie Bradus, Miss Carrie Braissoe, Mrs Mary Briscoe, Miss Sarah

Burdiet, Mrs Sarah Burton, Mrs M S

Mason, Miss Jessie
Masy, Mrs Sarah B
Mathews, Mrs Neil
Matifield, Miss Harriet
Merrer, Miss M
Mermarth, Mrs Saluda
Miles, Miss Nellie
Millar, Mrs Nancy
Millar, Mrs Nancy
Millar, Mrs Re L Mitchell, Mrs Susie Briscoe, Miss Sarah
Brooke, Mrs L V
Brooke, Mrs L V
Brooke, Mary E
Brosnus, Miss Julius
Brown, Miss Anna
Brown, Miss Anna
Brown, Mrs Anna
Brown, Mrs Carrle
Brown, Mrs Lottle
Brown, Mrs Marrah
Brown, Mrs Marrah
Brown, Mrs Milly
Bryan, Miss Lyda
Bryan, Miss Lyda
Bryan, Miss Helen
Burdiet, Mrs Sarah Mitchell, Marion
Mockler, Miss Mary
Monroe, Miss Whit A
Moore, Miss Hisar
Moore, Miss Minuie K
Moore, Miss Mattle
Morehead, Mrs Louise I
Morgan, Miss Sarah
Morrison, Mrs A
Mortou, Miss Nannie
Moten, Miss Mattle Mitchell, Mario Moten, Miss Mattie Motte, Miss Cordella B Moxley, Miss Datsy Mucs, Mrs Agnes Murphy, Miss Kate Neal, Mrs Fannie Neal, Miss Pearl O'Conner Mrs M O'Connor, Mrs M Olover, Miss Cora Olover, Miss Marion (2) O'Mara, Miss Vera
O'Nara, Miss Vera
O'Neal, Miss Grace
Orme, Mrs Mary E
Ostrander, Mrs Tessle
PadSon, Mrs Allia Parker, Miss Alice V

Castle Miss Nellie Petterson, Miss Salma Pierson, Miss Margaret Plummer, Mrs R A
Powell, Miss Mary F (2)
Preather, Mrs Martha
Price, Miss Lola C
Proctor, Miss Masonia
Reese, Mrs C A
Resor Amy Collins, Miss L B Colin, Miss Mary Conway, Miss B Ella Cory, Miss Lily Cox. Miss Carrie Richardson, Miss Irene Richardson, Miss Irene Rineburg, Mrs N J Rivers, Miss Alice Roberson, Miss Mollie Robinson, Mrs Ella Robinson, Mrs Ella Robinson, Mrs Ella
Robinson, Mrs Georgia
Rodes, Miss Naney
Rodes, Miss Naney
Rone, Mrs Carrie
Ross, Mrs Henneta
Rosson, Mrs A A
Rosson, Mrs A A
Roye, Mrs A V
Reye, Miss Matlean
Russell, Miss Nannie
Ryon, Mrs Mary
Saddler, Miss Clara
Sammel, Mrs E B
Samuels, Margaret
Shields, Mrs Carrie
Shields, Mrs Carrie Dautrick, Miss Moutla Davis, Miss Clara Davis, Mrs Florie Denny, Miss Sadie Dickinson, Miss Lel Dielding, Emma Dixon, Miss Allena

Double, Miss Ruth
Douglas, Mrs E
Dreiting, Mrs Hein
Duffy, Mrs Alice
Dulin, Miss Edna
Duncan, Miss Agnes
Dunning, Mrs E M
Edardly, Mrs Ennona
Elyin, Miss Suzette DeH
Ellenberger, Mrs C A
Ellis, Miss Many
Ellis, Miss Minnte
Enochs, Mrs J L
Sad samuels, Margaret
Shields, Mrs Carrie
Shields, Mrs Carrie
Shields, Mrs Carrie
Shields, Mrs Kattle
Short, Miss K C
Simes, Miss Hettle
Simmons, Miss Bessle
DeH Smith, Beckle
A Smith, Miss Bertha
Smith, Mrs Bertha
Smith, Mrs Julia (2)
Smith, Mrs Mamle
lie Smith, Mrs Mamle
lie Smith, Mrs Sarah E
Smith, Mrs Sarah E
Smithen, Miss Iraa M
ie Spanne, Mrs Rosa
A Squirrel, Miss C D
Stahleger, Caroline
Stanford, Rose
Stasford, Mrs Sarah
Steuyel, Miss Elsa
Stern, Miss Josephine
Sternt, Miss Irena
Stewart, Mrs Joseph
Stewart, Mrs Joseph Foster, Mrs Carrie A Frantz, Pauline J Frantz. Pauline J Fry, Miss Mary D Gillbach, Mrs Harry Gleason, Miss Mattie Graf, Mrs Hattie Gray, Mrs Louisa Green, Miss Lillian Green, Mrs Margarett Greenfield, Miss Dorcas Gregg, Mrs Kate Gregg, Mrs Kate Gregsby, Miss Julia Griffin, Mrs Mary Griffin, Miss Nannie Gwyn, Mrs Marthey Harris, Miss Pearl Hawkins Miss Pearl

Stern, Miss Josephine
Sternt, Miss Irena
Stewart, Mrs Joseph
Stewart, Mrs Maggie
Stewart, Mrs Maggie
Steward, Mrs Minnie
Sutton, Mrs Nannie
Taylor, Miss Minnie
Sutton, Mrs Mande
Taylor, Miss M
Taylor, Miss Mary
Thomas, Mrs Emma
Thomas, Mrs Emma
Thompson, Mrs Miss Millie
Thorn, Mrs R
Thornton, Miss Mamie
Tipton, Mrs Jacob
Towers, Mrs M V
Tracey, Mrs G O
Turner, Mrs Molly
Walker, Miss Blanche
Walker, Miss Blanche
Walker, Miss Maggie
Walker, Miss Manie
Wallace, Mrs Susie
Walley, Mrs Batie
Ward, Mrs Thomas
Ward, Mrs Thomas
Ward, Mrs Thomas
Ware, Miss Annie B
Warney, Mrs Minnie
Washington, Mrs Daniel Hawkins, Miss Mary Hawkins, Mrs Susin Haynie, Mrs Sally Haynie, Mrs Sally
Head, Miss Ada
Hedin, Miss Adnie
Hedin, Miss Annie
Hemphill, Mrs Deller
Hewitt, Mrs Hollis
Hewitt, Mrs Mary
Higgs, Mrs Annie
Hildebrand, Mrs W G
Hill, Mrs Catherine
Hobson, Mrs F H jr
Heiland, Miss Georgia
Howard, Miss Mary
Howe, Miss Yula T
Hughes, Mrs Hattie Hughes, Mrs Hattie Hungerford, Miss Fam Hurley, Mrs Maude Irvine, Miss Edith M Jackson, Miss A L Jackson, Mrs Bell Jackson, Mrs Bell Jackson, Mrs Bell

Jackson, Miss A L
Jackson, Miss A L
Jackson, Miss Bora
Jackson, Miss Eva
Jackson, Miss Eva
Jackson, Miss Ethel C
Jackson, Miss Fannie
Jackson, Miss Mary Jane
Jackson, Miss Mary V
Jackson, Miss Mary V
Jackson, Miss Mary V
Jackson, Miss Winnie
James, Miss Mattle
Jarley, Mrs Armanta
Jenning, Flora
Jennings, Mrs Armanta
Jenning, Flora
Jennings, Mrs Annie
Johnson, Miss Bertha
Johnson, Miss Cristeen
Johnson, Miss Cristeen
Johnson, Miss Cristeen
Johnson, Miss Louise
Johnson, Miss Louise
Johnson, Miss Louise
Johnson, Miss Mary (2)
Johnson, Miss Mary (2)
Johnson, Miss Missie

Jones, Miss A B
Jones, Miss Annie
Jones, Miss Gertrude
Jones, Mrs Rosa
Jonson, Mrs John
Kennedy, Mrs R J

Williams, Mrs Winnona
H
Willis, Miss Dalla
Willis, Mrs J G
Willson, Mrs Rosia
Willson, Mrs J W
Wilson, Mrs J W
Wilson, Miss Margarette
Willson, Mrs Lelia Tudy

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

Withers, Miss Sarah Witlow, Mrs Susie Woodnaw, Mrs C N Woodson, Mrs Rose Woodston, Miss Maude Wright, Mrs Dell F Young, Miss Helen Young, Miss II Rich mond (2) Young, Mrs Mira

Acton, Robert Aitken, Robert Allen, John

Conts, James E

Conness, W Cook, Edwin Cook, J H Cooper, S B

Cronin, J H

Cortis, G W

Forrest, Jas

onnors, Patrick estello, John J

GENTLEMEN'S LIST. Kenny, Willie Kern, Paul Kesler, Edgar Kesty, Carl King & Howe Kline, Walter Kolker, L Koepke, Wm P Kolker, L.
Koepke, Wm F
Laney, Louis
Langley, J E
Leonard, James
Lewis, W
Lewis, Will
Loeming, Geo E
Linkins, Elmer
Lipscomb, Joseph
Lord, Thos
Lucus, Henry
McCole, F A
Mabley, W A
Maclean, P A
Madden, Willie
Maddox, Chas H
Mann, Francis E Mann, Francis & Maret, John W Mathews, Lars
Mathews, Henry
Mayo, Cosby
Millar, Chas
Millard, L F
Miller, M G
Miller, John
Miller, W O

Miller, W. O.
Montague, Chas
Montrossor, Heary
Mooney, Jas J
Moore, Arthur J
Moore, Charile
Moore, D E
Moore, John
Morgan, Harry Moore, John
Morgan, Harry
Morgan, Harry
Morris, James B
Morris, Wm
Morrison, Wm
Mosery, James
Muller, Carl
Myers, James Braither, Weast Nall, Jas
Newton, C E
Nilkens, Chas
Odham, J A
Orr, Wm H
Osborne, C B
Owen, Noble V
Owloss Frant arey. Arthur Clark, John M Clark, T J

Owings, Frank Paker, Walter Palmer, E Harry Parker, H C Parker, John Charley Pannel, Jesse Pasner, A Paul, Jas B (2) Pohley, M W Post, E S Proctor, A V Purnell, Austin Radford, Kearn Radford, Kearny Randall, Willard Randolph, Henry Rawlett, Henry Rawlins, Davie Reilly, S. Richards, Tom

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Edler, Wm Edmunds, Erasmus Ells, Robert Sereey, Wm Settle, Jack Sexton, M Estes, T.P. Fargood, John Geo Sexton, M Shaw, Harry Shepherd, V Shillingling, O A Shryock, G C Shufflebarger, Harry Stekler, Lewis Stumons, A C

Fisket, D Wolfe & Co. Simmons, A C Sintor, W L Smethurst, W A (2) Francesco, Carnso Fentress Bres

Smethurst, W A Smith, Anderson Smith, E E (2) Smith, Frank Smith, H S Smith, J H Smith, J S Smith, J S Smith, Milton Smith, Wm (3) Spicer, Benjamin Sponenberg, W F Garretson, R L Ganker, J E Gilchrist, R E Gilliam, M E Gills, Lafayette Goldenberg, S Goodwin, F Goodwin, Frank Starwood, Henry Stewart, Samuel Sullivan, Thos

Gordon, Howard Gorrell, James Swinor, Millard Talbert & Co Taylor, Jackson Taylor, Waller Teller, E H Telleg, A S Terrell, G W Thompson, Allen E Todd, F C Hall, Thos J

Tracy, W
Trotten, Jamie
Trout, Geo
Upshur, Jos W (2)
Vahey, Edward
Vdlascol, Petrinila
Vern, John Collar
Vreamen, B. Palas Halstead. Harris, Robt ooman, R Ralph Vrooman, R Ralp Walker, Wm Wallver, John F Wallace, Thos Wallis, Minor Wanser, Walter Wand, Henry Ward, N

Hays, J Heberle, John L Heflin, J Thos Henderson, Tab Hightone, A Hill, H P (2) Hiscock, Geo L Hokmis, Isafah Hopkins, Chas F Hopkins, G H Hopkins, Laver A Washington, Wm Watts, W C

Howard, Parker Howell, Albert Welch, Frank
Welch, Wm T
Wells, Roger
West, John T
Westam, L
Whire, Fletcher
Whitehead, J R
Whitehead, J R
Whitehead, J R Hyde, Frank P Jackson, Charlie Jackson, Daniel Jackson, Sherman Whitehead, Thos

Williams, Fred Williams, James Williams, John Johnson, Andrew Johnson, A O Johnson, A P (2) Louis H Jones, Joseph Jones, Lincoln Jones, L. H Jones, Walter Kayser, W. H Kelley, Claues Witel, J Wood, W M Woody, Chas Wright, S P

Wrightker, S L Wyatt, Wallace Kelley, Thos Kindall, Fred W MISCELLANEOUS. Nat'l Photo Co New Franklin Type-writer Co Providence Wash Ins Co Standard Pub Co

Columbia Inst Classic Mfg Co Emery's Patent Off Independent Steamboat and Barge Co Mead CyCle Co Nat'l Cemetery Ass'n Nat'l Newspaper Syndi-cate (2) Standard Sundy Globe U S Medal of Honor Club U S Survey and Concate (2) Albert, A D

Mason, J G Mitchell, Mrs J F Moses, Adolp Munain, J H Bikes, Sarah Brosnan, Thos Browne, Franklin Bukkin, G A Petetti, Antonio Carinelo, Dacanyo Reinmuth, Wm Cologero, Voleo Cohen, Lewis Parlippi, Vincengo Pulinno, Vincengo Glovanni, Comassett Franceses, Costello Encorni, Tilgia Sebastiano, Catalano

Angelo
Shay, T
Smith, Miss Fany
Swzie, Pero
Wesley, Miss Gertie
Wheeler, Miss Blanch
Williams Rees Kendi Fugorni, Tligia Harris, C L Heilman, Mrs A R Williams, Rees Kendig Wilson, Miss Adelaide Jakobsen, Fuga Lombard, Lucien Washington, Miss Eliz PACKAGES. Jennings, Mrs Mary Jones, Mrs B W Knight, C C Morco, Hofer Wash Patent Right Co Watson, Miss Rose

Brown, Mrs Mary Crismon, Mrs Ida Davis, Miss Lizzle Flynn, T J & Co Hobbs, Mrs Frank Hogan, M J Pearls Never Die.

From the Brooklyn Eagle.

"Do pearls die?" That's a question which is often asked by women who possess them. Experts who are considered authorities say they do not. However, there are two kinds of real pearls, the glossless and the brilliant ones; the latter are the most precious. La perle vive, the live, lustrous peari, never dies. There are necklaces in museums which are two or three centuries old and the pearls are as alive as some pearls just fished out for the adornment of the shewy throat of our modern millionaire women. About forty years ago a necklace of priceless pearls was put into one of the drawers of the Bank of France, and recently it was taken out, and the paper in which it was wrapped fell to pieces, but the pearls were as brilliant as ever. Mrs. Taiers pearl necklace, worth over a million of francs, on show in the Louvre Museum. has been there for over thirty years, and the pearls, if they have changed at all, are more lustrous and more alive than ever, However, pearls ought to be worn as much as possible. The orientals, who prize pearls more than any other peaple, have their servants out them on and walk in the sun for there is a belief that the pearl is affected by the rays of the sun, that they add to its opalescence. Besides the orientals believe that pearls must be worr next to the skin, and that even perspira-tion adds to their luster.